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THE HIVE.

"BE THOU THE FIRST, OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND,——HIS PRAISE IS LOST, WHO STAYS 'TILL ALL COMMEND."

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1804.

NOVELIST.

HISTORY OF MARIA ARNOLD.

[Concluded from Page 129.

THE wind sighed through the Yew trees, and the face of nature seemed to darken with oppressive gloom. We entered the church, where, after all things had been duly arranged, the ceremony was begun.—A calm resignation was apparent in the countenance of Arnold; and as he pronounced the service, a kind of divine enthusiasm lightened from his eyes. Now and then his speech would faulter, and the tear would fill his eye, and I witnessed many an effort to suppress the tender emotions of his soul.—He had proceeded a considerable way in the service and the corpse was made ready to be laid into the grave, when suddenly the folding doors of the church were thrown open, and a young man, in mourning, rushed vehemently in. His aspect was hurried and wild, he exclaimed in a loud but convulsive tone of voice, "Where is Maria? Think not to wrest her from me—I will see her once more——I come to die with thee, my love. Stand off ye inhuman wretches—off, and give me way." He then broke through the crowd, which had opposed him, and seeing the coffin he started some paces backwards——"Help me, she is murdered!' he exclaimed; "my gentle love is murdered!" and throwing himself on the coffin, he became speechless with agony. It was with the utmost difficulty we tore him from it—he struggled hard, and his eyes darted fire; but at length having liberated himself, he paused a moment——then striking his forehead with his hand, muttered, "I will—'tis fit it should be so;" and darting furiously through the aisle, disappeared. But scarce had we time to breathe, before he again entered, dragging in a man advanced in years. "Come on thou wretched author of my being!" he exclaimed, "come, see the devastation thou hast made!" and compelled him to approach the coffin——"Look," he said, "see where she bleeds beneath thy ruthless arm! Oh my deserted love! see'st thou not how she supplicates thy mercy! —Perdition! but I will not curse thee, O my father, I will not curse thee—" So saying he threw himself on the coffin. The old man in the mean time, became the very picture of horror; his hair stood erect, his face was pale as death, and his teeth struck each other—he looked first upon the coffin, and then upon his son, and racked with pity and remorse, he at last burst into tears. "Have compassion on me, my son," he cried, "kill not thy father."——"It is enough," said the youth, slowly lifting up his head——"It is enough, my father;" and being now more calm, we prevailed upon him to arise; and Arnold, after some time, concluded the ceremony.

You may naturally conceive our consternation, sir, during the dreadful scene, and how much it would shock the feelings of the worthy curate; who, after the first tumult had ceased, conducted himself with all that dignity and mildness of manner so peculiarly engaging in his character.——Old Stafford and his son, who was with difficulty persuaded to quit the church, were now led to the parsonage. Their appearance had been occasioned by a letter written by Miss Stafford to her brother, mentioning the situation of Maria, her miscarriage, indisposition, and the treatment she had met with; and irritated to the highest degree, he immediately left the continent, and arrived at his father's house early on the same day Maria was buried. Her death was unknown at H—t—n hall, and Henry insisted upon his father's accompanying him immediately to the curate's; as his presence would be necessary for the satisfaction of both parties. Mr. Stafford was much averse to the measure; but as his son's health had been lately upon the decline, and his present agitated state contributed greatly to increase his complaint, he reluctantly complied with his request, still hoping to avoid so unprofitable a connection. Upon their arrival at Ruysd—le, they drove to the parsonage, and being there informed of the death of Maria, and that the burial service was then actually performing, the carriage was ordered to the church, and Henry rushed in, in the manner above mentioned.

The Staffords having continued a couple of days at the parsonage, returned to H–t–n hall. Young Stafford's health is still very bad, and we are apprehensive he will fall a sacrifice to the unfeeling tyranny of a father, whose remorse is now as excessive as it is fruitless.

I shall stay here a few months with my worthy friend, until time hath in some degree mitigated the pressure of his misfortune. I find also a melancholy pleasure in visiting the many scenes in this neighborhood whose romantic and sequestered beauty gave employment to the pencil and the taste of Maria, and I am now finishing this hasty sketch on the banks of the rapid S—le, and under the shelter of an oak, whose antique branches throw a broad and ample gloom athwart his surface;—turbulent he pours along beneath yon scowling precipice—he rises from his bed, and wild his gloomy spirit shrieks. Here, sir, can I indulge the fervor of my imagination——here can I call upon the fleeting forms of fancy——I can here hold converse with Maria; and yielding to the pensive bias of my mind, enjoy the torrent and the howling storm.

BIOGRAPHY.

CATHARINA I, EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

WOMEN, it has been observed, are not naturally formed for great cares themselves, but to soften ours. Their tenderness is the proper reward for the dangers we undergo for their preservation; and the ease and cheerfulness of their conversation, our desirable retreat from the fatigues of our intense application. They are confined within the narrow limits of domestic assiduity; and when they stray beyond the sphere, are consequently without grace.

Fame, therefore, has been very unjustly dispensed among the female sex. Those who least deserve to be remembered, meet our admiration and applause; while many who have been an honor to humanity, are passed over in silence. Perhaps no age has produced a stronger instance of misplaced fame than the present. The Semiramis and the Thalestris of antiquity are talked of, while a modern character infinitely greater than either, is unnoticed and unknown.

Catharina Alexowna, born near Derpat, a little city in Livonia, was heir to no other inheritance than the virtues and frugality of her parents. Her father being dead, she lived with her aged mother, in their cottage covered with straw; and both, though very poor, were very contented. Here, retired from the gaze of the world, by the labor of her hands, she supported her parent, who was now incapable of supporting herself.—While Catharina spun, the old woman would sit and read some book of devotion.—Thus, when the fatigues of the day were over, both would sit down contentedly by the fire-side, and enjoy the frugal meal with vacant festivity.

Though her face and person were models of perfection, yet her whole attention seemed bestowed upon her mind——Her mother taught her to read, and an old Lutheran minister instructed her in the maxims and duties of religion. Nature had furnished her not only with a strong, but a right understanding. Such truly female accomplishments procured her several solicitudes of marriage from the peasants of the country, but their offers were refused; for she loved her mother too tenderly to think of separation.

Catharina was fifteen when her mother died; she now, therefore, left her cottage and went to live with the Lutheran minister, by whom she had been instructed from her childhood. In this house she resided in quality of governess to his children; at once reconciling in her character unerring prudence with surprising vivacity.

The old man, who regarded her as one of his own children, had her instructed in dancing and music by the masters who attended the rest of his family; thus she continued to improve until he died, by which accident she was once more reduced to her pristine poverty. The country of Livonia was at this time wasted by war, and lay in a most miserable state of desolation. These calamities are ever most heavy upon the poor; wherefore Catharina, though possessed of so many accomplishments, experienced all the miseries of hopeless indigence.—Provisions became every day more scarce, and her private stock being entirely extinguished, she resolved at last to travel to Marienburgh, a city of great plenty.

With her scanty wardrobe, packed up in a wallet, she set out on her journey on foot. She was to walk through a region miserable by nature, but rendered still more hideous by the Swedes and Russians, who, as each happened to become masters, plundered it at discretion; but hunger had taught her to despise the dangers and fatigues of the way.

One evening, upon her journey, as she entered a cottage by the way-side, to take up her lodgings for the night, she was insulted by two Swedish soldiers, who insisted upon qualifying her, as they termed it, to follow the camp. They might probably have carried their insults into violence, had not a subaltern officer, accidentally passing by, come in to her assistance. Upon his appearing, the soldiers immediately desisted; but her thankfulness was hardly greater than her surprise, when she instantly recollected in her deliverer, the son of the Lutheran minister, her former instructor, benefactor, and friend.

This was an happy interview for Catharina—The little stock of money she had brought from home was by this time quite exhausted; her clothes were gone, piece by piece, in order to satisfy those who had entertained her in their houses; her generous countryman, therefore parted with what he could spare, to buy her clothes, furnished her with a horse, and gave her letters of recommendation to Mr. Culck, a faithful friend of his father's, and superintendant of Marienburgh.

Our beautiful stranger had only to appear, to be well received; she was immediately admitted into the superintendant's family, as governess to his two daughters—and though yet but seventeen, shewed herself capable of instructing her sex, not only in virtue, but politeness. Such was her good sense and beauty, that her master, himself, in a short time, offered her his hand, which, to his great surprise, she thought proper to refuse. Actuated by a principle of gratitude, she was resolved to marry her deliverer only, even though he had lost an arm, and was otherways disfigured by wounds in the service.

In order, therefore, to prevent further solicitations from others, as soon as the officer came to town upon duty, she offered him her person, which he accepted with transport, and their nuptials were solemnized as usual. But all the lines of her fortune were to be striking;—the very day on which they were married, the Russians laid siege to Marienburgh:—the unhappy soldier had now no time to enjoy the well earned pleasures of matrimony; he was called off before consummation, to an attack, from which he was never after seen to return.

In the mean time the siege went on with fury, aggravated on one side by obstinacy, on the other by revenge. This war between the two northern powers, at that time, was truly barbarous; the innocent peasant and the harmless virgin, often shared the fate of the soldier in arms. Marienburgh was taken by assault; and such was the fury of the assailants, that not only the garrison, but almost all the inhabitants, men, women and children, were put to the sword; at length, when the carnage was pretty well over, Catharina was found hid in an oven.

She had been hitherto poor, but still was free—she was now to conform to her hard fate, and learn what it was to be a slave.—In this situation, however, she behaved with piety and humility; and though misfortunes had abated her vivacity, yet she was cheerful. The fame of her merit and resignation, reached even prince Menzikoff, the Russian general——he desired to see her—was struck with her beauty——bought her from the soldier, her master, and placed her under the direction of his own sister. Here she was treated with all the respect which her merit deserved, while her beauty improved every day with her good fortune.

She had not long been in this situation, when Peter the Great paying the prince a visit, Catharina happened to come in with some dried fruits, which she served round with peculiar modesty. The mighty monarch saw, and was struck with her beauty. He returned the next day, called for the beautiful slave, asked her several questions, and found her understanding even more perfect than her person.

He had been forced, when young, to marry from motives of interest, he was now resolved to marry pursuant to his own inclinations. He immediately requested the history of the fair Livonian, who was not yet eighteen. He traced her through the vale of obscurity, through all the vicissitudes of her fortune, and found her truly great in them all.

The meanness of her birth was no obstruction to his design——their nuptials were solemnized in private;—the prince assuring his courtiers, that virtue alone, was the properest ladder to a throne.

We now see Catharina, from the low mud-walled cottage, empress of the greatest kingdom upon earth. The poor solitary wanderer is now surrounded by thousands, who find happiness in her smiles. She, who formerly wanted a meal, is now capable of diffusing plenty upon whole nations. To her fortune she owed a part of this pre-eminence, but to her virtues more.

She ever after retained those great qualities which first placed her on a throne; and while the extraordinary prince, her husband, labored for the reformation of his male subjects, she studied in her turn the improvement of her own sex. She altered their dresses, introduced mixed assemblies, instituted an order of female knighthood; and at length, when she had greatly filled all the stations of empress, friend, wife, and mother, bravely died without regret—regretted by all.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HISTORY OF QUACKS.

HOWEVER lenient we are at present, with respect to the notorious, illiterate empirics, that infest this country, more care was taken formerly of the peoples' constitution, and their health was not suffered to be infected by these poisoners of whole counties.

In Edward the sixth's reign, one Grig, a poulterer, was set in the pillory twice, for cheating people out of their money, by pretending to cure them by charms, &c.

In James the first's reign, the council dispatched a warrant to the magistrates to take up all empirics, and bring them before the censors of the college, to examine how properly qualified they were to be trusted either with the limbs or lives of his majesty's subjects.

In Queen Ann's time, these poison-vendors were prosecuted by the government with proper rigour: they were tried and convicted for destroying people, by giving them medicines unduly prepared; and transported for the same. Trig, the shoemaker, was an instance——Evans, the priest, was punished for killing people with his antimonial cup—Forrester and Foreman, were severely punished for administering the bitter apple and wild cucumber as specifics.

In king William's time, Fairfax, Anthony, Dee, Forster, Tenant, Aires, Philips, &c. were punished, fined, and imprisoned, for vending their Aqua Celestis, Aurum Potabile, Strong Waters, &c. Hunt was punished for putting bills up in the streets.

Any idle mechanic, not caring longer to drudge at day-labor, by chance gets a dispensatory, or some old receipt book, and poring over it, or having it read to him (for many of these present doctors cannot read) he finds that mercury is good for the itch, and old ulcers; that opium will give ease; and that glass of antimony will vomit.

Down goes the hammer, or the saw, razor, awl, or shuttle——and away to work, to make electuaries, tinctures, elixirs, pills, plaisters, and poultices. Each preparation new named, and his own name decorated with M. D. He spreads pestilence around him,—as the mad savage shooting among the multitude with poisoned arrows.

At best, if any good can be done by these miscreants, it is a chance: as if twenty people fell down a precipice, and two of them should happen to be saved, not by skill nor foresight, but by some unforeseen accident in their favor.

Many are torn to pieces by violent cholics, and killed out-right by fevers, dysenteries, palsies, and consumptions, occasioned by such preparations. Nor is it likely it should be otherwise, where no regard is had to state, sex, age, nor habit of body.

Liver-grown and worms are two names, now become a subterfuge of ignorance, for every less apparent distemper, or the more hidden symptoms of disease; and many under dangerous mistakes of this sort, are lamentably harrassed: hundreds of little infants are yearly destroyed by the very remedies the unhappy parents were prevailed on to administer in order to destroy these supposed worms, which never existed but in their brains.

Coblers now set up for regular bred physicians; hackney-coachmen and barbers for anatomists and natural philosophers; washer-women for chymists; tumblers, merry-andrews, hostlers, and scavengers, for bone-setters, oculists, &c.

Nothing can equal the ignorance of such empirics, but the stupidity of those people who buy their unwholsome preparations.

—⊙—

An original Letter from a modern Saint, to the Indian Doctor.

Hond. Sir,

AS I zee you ave afferdavids at the hend off yure bil, I shall be redy too sarve yue as chep as aney bodey in toun will du. I ave bene imploide by a grat maney Doctors to sware for hem, and I will sware wat yue plese, butt yue must kep it a siccritt. I ham verry thinn in my bodey, and lok siccely, so as hou the Justis will beleve I ave bene cewrd. I will sware before any Justis excep Justis L——, for he found me out wanst, for swarin falsley for the Water Doctor. I will also drau up the afferdavids if yue plese, for I was bredd to fizzic myself, and no most of the turms and ard wurds. Mye prize for a Kansur is five shillins, and the sam for the Fool Dizzies, and the Kins-zevil.

Yure umbel sarvant too command,

GEORGE DUPLEX.

P. S. I shant sware bye mye one name, but aney others, and mye wif will sware alsoe, iff yue want hir.

—⊙—

VILLAGE COURTSHIP.

AT a village, not one hundred miles from S———, I overheard the following conversation:—

I would give my heart, said a well-looking young man to a beautiful girl, who sat beside him—I would give my heart, Susan, for one kindly kiss of those bewitching lips of thine, were it not that I have no heart to give; it has been gone from me a long while. And pray, said Susan, with an arch, expressive look, where hath that roving heart of thine so long concealed itself? You little enchanting rogue, said he, with an emphatic look, which met her consenting eye, and you pretend not to know where it has been! Then clasping her in his arms, he imprinted upon her lips a warm ecstatic kiss expressive of the softest rapture. After she had a little recovered herself, with a sweeter blush suffusing her cheek than ever Aurora yet displayed——Well, Robin, said she, I also would give my heart to have back that kiss again, were it in my power to give; but alas! it is gone and I fear will never more be in my power. And when did this little wanderer take flight? said he; and where hath it taken up its abode since it left thee? It made its escape, the moment that I knew i had got possession of yours; for no sooner did I feel it warm within my breast, than it filled it so entirely, that I could find no place for any thing else; so off it flew directly, and here it took refuge, (putting her hand upon his breast:) feel how the little futterer frisks about in its new abode. It is a kind little heart, Robin, said she, concealing her face upon his bosom, and will prove ever true to you. Blessings upon thee, my lovely Susan, said he, pressing her tenderly in his arms, and gently leaning his cheek upon her's, the rapturous tears flowing copiously down, for now you have made me the happiest of mankind.

Blessings upon you both, said I, retiring: and blessings upon thee, Mr. Editor; and blessings upon all mankind.——My heart is full; for is there any pleasure we feel equal to that of participating in the bliss which is the reward of innocence and virtue?

—⊙—

TENDER AND PATHETIC.

VIRGIL describing an Argive, remote from his friends and falling in battle, has the following line, justly admired by the critics.

"Et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos."*

Its spirit was caught by Romme, a man of letters, and a victim of Robespierre.—While in prison, a painter attended to draw the portrait of the unfortunate bard. He sent it to his family with four lines, of which the following is a translation: though inferior to the original, it is a happier effort of eloquence, than all the republican harangues since the assassination of Louis.

"Wonder not, objects of my fondest care,
If these pale looks the lines of sadness wear,
For while the painter's art my features drew,
I saw the scaffold, and I thought of you."

* *A fond recollection of absent friends and his native country occupies his dying moments.*

—⊙—

A SCRAP.

WOMEN may be vain of their persons, proud of their accomplishments, and conceited of their wit, and no censure will be passed upon them; but when their behavior is divested of that restraint, which characterizes modesty—the fairest ornament of the sex—that which all men most admire—it must give rise to opinions which operate to their prejudice.

POLEMIC SOCIETY.

Lancaster, February 4, 1804.

THE Society met pursuant to adjournment, and discussed the following Question:—

"*Is a knowledge of the dead languages a necessary part of education?*"

And after a lengthy debate, it was determined in the affirmative, by a majority of one vote.

Question for Saturday Evening next.

"*Is a high degree of sensibility conducive to happiness?*"

By Order of the Society,

JAMES M'CULLOUCH, *Sec'ry.*

POETRY.

COMMUNICATED FOR THE HIVE.

ADDRESS

Of a Felon to his Child, on the morning of his Execution—Written by Mrs. Opie, and respectfully inscribed to the London Philanthropic Society.

POOR babe, that through this darksome grate
Survey'st yon crowd with curious eye,
If thou wouldst learn why thus they wait—
Know, 'tis to see thy father die!

To see how I that death shall bear
They deem for crimes like mine most fit;
Grimes urg'd by want, which many there
Were never tempted to commit!

A death, sweet innocent, for which
Thoul'd be, alas! one day revil'd;
For with my guilt the rude of speech
Too often will reproach my child!

Poor outcast, whither canst thou turn?—
Thy future fate adds pangs to mine;
I must my own offences mourn,
And fear, devoted babe, for thine!

For all thou canst from me receive
Is but a legacy of shame;
And shouldst thou up to manhood live,
Thou'lt learn to curse thy father's name!

But while my guilt's to thee unknown,
Come let me press thee to my breast;
Thou treasure without crime—my son—
Thou only wealth I e'er possess'd!

Thou pledge of pure and faithful loves,
Image of one I still deplore;
Yet now her death a blessing proves—
She lives not, to behold this hour!

But from my arms, ah! wherefore fly?
Why do I court thy kiss in vain?
Whence spring these tears; what means that cry?
Ah me!—thou fear'st my clanking chain!

'Till now I felt not all its weight;
But soon they'll come my limbs to free;—
When I am summon'd to my fate,
My arms unchain'd may close on thee!

Then welcome, bitter hour of death:
Thou'lt be of some keen pangs beguil'd;
For, e'er I yield my forfeit breath,
I closely may embrace my child;

And see, they come to take me hence!
My injur'd, precious boy, adieu!
O, cruel world, for my offence
Wilt thou this child with horror view?

Ah, yes!—with me his hopes must die;
For who will take him to his care?—
The prudent e'en his sight will fly,
Lest, with my blood, my guilt he share!

And soon to vice and misery driven,
Unknown, or else disdain'd by worth;
Untaught, my child, the way to heaven,
Thou'lt yet be doom'd unfit for earth!

* * * * * * * * * *

What words are these, that to my soul
A feeling-like delight impart?—
That fear and agony control,
And bind an almost broken heart?

They say a gen'rous few have join'd
(The pride of these enlighten'd times,)
Poor outcast orphan babes to find,
And save them from their parent's crimes?

To them instruction's page they ope,
Teach them to toil for honest fame,
And by their own good actions hope
To wipe away their parent's shame.

Blest men, a dying culprit's prayer
Now seeks for you the heav'nly throne;
For making thus our babes your care,
May heav'n reward you in your own.

SONG.

WHEN I was a tiny boy, no higher than my knee,
A scubby boy, a merry boy, as any you could see,
So nice the women handled me,
And fondled me, and dandled me,
They call'd me their dear little slave;—
Round about my neck then, they ti'd a silken string,
Come along, my chicky bid, you pretty little thing;
I rattled well,
And tattled well,
And pratted well,
And waited well,
I was ev'ry thing the ladies wish'd to have.

When I grew a little man, a pretty little man,
Good Lord! how nimbly after me, the merry lasses ran,
So pleasing me, and teazing me,
Admiring me, desiring me,
A nod from me the pretty creatures crave;—
High and smart my turban then at all the girls I set,
Ev'ry where, with ev'ry fair, is handsome Azam met;
What tho' I own,
I am older grown,
Yet so complete,
From heat to feet,
I hope I'm still the very thing the ladies wish to have.

EPIGRAM—To a Lady.

BLEST is the man who doth thy beauties view,
More blest is he who hears thee speaking too;
He's half a God! who thus enjoys thy charms,
But he a God! indeed, that clasps thee in his arms

HUMORIST.

A Physician of Milan, who understood the cure of madmen, had a pit of water in his house, in which he kept his patients some up to their knees, some to their girdle, and some to their chin, according to the greater or less degree of madness with which they were affected.—One of the madmen who was upon the point of recovery, happening to be standing at the house door, saw a young noble pass with his hawk upon his fist, well mounted, and with his usual equipage of hunting, spaniels, huntsmen, &c. behind him. The madman demanded to what use was all this preparation, and was courteously answered, to kill certain birds. And how much, said the madman, may be the worth of the fowls which you kill in a year? The gentleman replied, five or ten crowns. —And what, said the madman, may your hawks, spaniels, horses, &c. stand you with in the year? About five thousand crowns. —Five thousand crowns! replied the madman, and gazing at him a moment with the wild earnestness of an approaching phrenzy, he seized him by the shoulder and forcing him to the pit, immerged him several times in the water, (the usual practice of his master with his more desperate patients.) Having thus ducked him he led him back to the door——Hark ye my friend, said he, dismissing him, take my advice, and make all possible haste from this house—for should the doctor come home he'll drown you but he'll cure you.

THE following humorous mistake was made a few days back, by a child, three years old:—A lady passed the door with her *muff* and *tippet*—the child never having seen such ornaments before, ran into the house, crying out, "Mother, mother, here is a woman with *a brown dog in her arms, and its tail round her neck.*"

TERMS OF THE HIVE.

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